

A MEMORY OF BRUGES

AMONG the picturesque features of the quaint city of Bruges, none has greater fascination for those who love the click of the bobbins than the Beguinage. Here for years on the borders of the famous Minnewater or, as the French call it, the "Lac d'Amour," the aged "dentellières" of Bruges have lived in happy seclusion, comfortably housed in the little brick dwellings that form part of the enclosure where the conscientious sisters of the Hospice have long ministered to their welfare.

All who have had the privilege of visiting this spot will doubtless recall the happy face of the "Doyenne" of the Beguinage, the oldest lace-maker in Bruges. Bright and alert, no taller than a child of ten, her years—more than fourscore and ten—rested lightly upon her quaint person as she moved quietly about her household tasks, tended her flowers, or sat at the casement of her homely little kitchen, her pet bird hanging near, her pillow always beside her. Her gentle features showed no fear of the future and there was naught to disturb the serenity of her placid life as she neared its borderland.

But one day, two years ago, all was changed; there was a clatter of horsemen in the street beyond; troops surged over the Pont du Beguinage;

the wooded park, that sacred precinct, became an encampment! The fragile form tottered to the doorway—her heart ceased to beat. They found her prostrate; she had passed beyond the threshold into the quiet of the Great Beyond.



THE "DOYENNE" OF THE BEGUINAGE AT BRUGES